

THE
Long Vacation.

A
SATYR:

Address'd to all
Disconsolate TRADERS.

L O N D O N :
Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*,
near the *Water-side*, 1708. Price 1 *d.*

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Long Station.



Address to all

Discontinue TRADERS

LONDON

Printed and Sold by H. LIND, in Strand, near the Theatre Royal, in the City of London.

The PREFACE.

TO all you Gentlemen (if so I may stile you, since you are hardly well bred, and tell so many Lies every Day behind the Counter) who are born Cockneys, and live within the Sound of Bow-Bell, I make these following Papers as a Present, well knowing, that you now sit biting your Fingers in your Shops, or toying with your Wives, and have little or nothing to do. All the fine Birds are flown, the Beau Monde have forsaken you, and what you get now, I believe, in a whole Summer's Day, you may put in your Eyes, and 'twill no Ways hinder you from seeing your Horns, unless you are fond of those Vipers which you hug in your Bosoms: and are so wonderfully complaisant to your Wives, that you will give 'em no Manner of Occasion to think you any Ways troublesome and impertinent, by having jealous Pates, or encroaching upon that Liberty and Freedom, which your Wives, as Citizens think, they have a Charter for.

Perhaps the following Lines may give you some Entertainment, or serve to amuse you a While, 'till Fame's loud Trumpet shall eccho a Victory to our Shore, which will be more agreeable to you, than those stollen Delights, which your Help-mates are now enjoying in your Absence, are to them. But, alas! that most of you are hornify'd, is no more News, (tho' you contentedly enough put the disgrace in your Pockets) than if any one should say, there is Bribery us'd in Elections; that some in the Parliament House are wiser than others; or that a young Widow, who has had the Pleasure of the shaking of the Sheets, wants

THE PREFACE.

to be Marry'd again. Come, come, take Heart of Grace, my Lads; don't be disconsolate; I make no Doubt, but that you will shortly bear of a Battel, that will find you Talk enough for all the Vacation, and set your Tongues a moving as nimbly in every Coffee-house you come at, as that of a Court-Lady somewhat overtaken with drinking Harts-horn and Brandy. As I said before, seeing you have little or nothing to do; tho' you had rather be accounted Cuck-olds, than jealous Husbands, yet it would not be amiss to visit your Wives once a week, that so by the Beating of their Pulse, you may discover whether their Blood be in a Ferment or no, or when lost their Bodies had some unlawful Agitations. Besides, since Nature is very craving, and her Wants must one Way or other be supply'd, it would be better for you to enjoy the lawful Embraces of your own Spouses, than engender with that fulsome Crape, which at this dead Time of the Year is left in Town.

I protest I almost pity you, and am sorry, that your Wives should so impose upon you. Some roaring Bully, or recruiting Officer in the Country, makes his own Game with them; and Women are in one Respect the Reverse of the Turkey-Cock, they are wonderfully affected with a Red Coat. Since then your Shops are so empty of Customers, and your Trade is so dead, I would advise you to repent of all the Lies that you told behind your Counters last Term, to make your Accompts up both between God and Man; go to Church with a safe Conscience; read the News chearfully; and since your Circumstances at present will not allow you to drink Wine, fancy Tea and Coffee, Burgundy and Champaign.

T H E

T H E

Long Vacation, &c.

B L E S S us! how silent is the noisy Gown!
 How quiet are the *Temples, Bars, and Town*?
 As if *Africa* (Great in *Anne's* Reign)
 Had banish'd Law to some deserted Plain.
 No Gouty J—ce sits upon the Bench,
 Indulgent to a Bottle, and a Wench;
 Altho' his Rev'rend Garb, and Brow severe,
 Promise his Morals, and his Soul austere.
 Now sacred Peace, finds a secure Retreat
 Where Laws and Justice held their awful Seat:
 Not on Demurrers now the Serjeants drudge,
 Nor crabbed Pleas detain the hungry Judge.
 Each S— now may rest in Elbow Chair,
 His Veterane Limbs, broke with nocturnal Care;
 In turning over Volumes, and the Fair,
 No knotty Doubts his solid Ease beguile,
 His Rev'rend *Coke* the dusty Cobwebs spoil;
 Grave *Littleton*, and *Lewin* too, lie idle;
 He reads them now no other than the Bible.
 The jangling Laws, tho' insolently rude,
 Dare not upon his peaceful Hours intrude.
 Wine cheers his Soul, and his obliging Eyes
 Shew he's not dead to charming *Mistresses*.
 Tho' at the Bar, in Term you'd hardly think
 That he had Pow'r enough to Whore or Drink.

But that the charming Beauties of the Fair;
 Were far above his Notice, or his Care,
 Such Furrows in his Aged Cheeks appear :
 Ye tho' his Looks, an Air most solemn shew,
 His powder'd Wig discovers he's a Beau ;
 And that when serious Business don't intrude,
 His Worship can be both gallant and lewd.

The C——r's Kitchen, as his Brains is cold,
 No longer now litigious Crowds make bold
 To knock him up, and buy their Peace with Gold.
 No more he sees his Chambers like a Fair,
 Of Clients full, and nev'r a Pauper there.
 No longer now he props with noblest Wines
 His Age, and at the *Devil* sups and dines
 Nor does the Porter light him to his Bed
 'Twixt Twelve and One, by trusty Drawers led.

The Petty-fogger, who keeps such a House
 Would starve a Church, or ancient College Mouse,
 Hangs down his Ears, and now begins to miss
 His sumptuous Meals and Term-time Luxuries:
 Just as his Looks, so does his Purse grow thin,
 Paleness without, and Emptiness within.
 Quickly he thinks it prudent to repair
 To some convenient Seat for Country Air;
 Carrying himself with paultry Present down,
 His Board he sponges on some Rural Clown,
 'Till the kind Term returns him to the Town.
 Trusting in Impudence, which seldom fails,
 Some silvane Nymph, perchance, the Fop affails.
 The ruddy Maid at first receives his Flame,
 And vows her Sparks a pretty Gentleman ;
 Tho' whatsoever he to his Mistress says,
 Is stoll'n from *D'Urfey's* or from *Settle's* Plays:
 In vain he shews th' abundance of his Sense,
 And charms the Fair with borrow'd Eloquence.
 For soon malicious Fortune makes it clear,
 That he's some paultry tricking Wappineer :

Good



Good Gods! how dull his Courtship is! How lame!
How soon he quits his bold presumptuous Flame!
Wing'd with Disgrace, he flies the Hills and Groves,
And Vallies, conscious of his slighted Loves;
He hastes to Town, there meets what he deserves,
And twice two Months the Scoundrel Scribler starves;
Till the returning Winter cheers the Laws,
And the glad Term, a Scene of Business draws.
Thus, when the Woods, by some Autumnal Blast,
Their verdant Leaves, and shady Honours cast,
The sick'ning Trees, their ravish'd Beauties mourn,
Till circling Hours the joyful Spring return,
Till the warm Sun, with his resplendent Beams,
Thaws Nature's Bolts, and soon unlocks the Streams;
His vital Heat, the flowing Rills enlarge,
And the glad Fish from Icy Nets discharge.
So at th' Appearance of the blooming Spring,
The Feather'd Quoitsters rejoyce and sing:
While they in Fields, their tuneful Notes prepare,
And with soft Musick, bless th' harmonious Air.

The weary Press, at Ease in Safety sleeps,
No supple Oil the polish'd Iron keeps.
The Hawkers now we very rarely meet,
Faction and Treason venting in the Street.
From *Will's* and *Tom's*, the well-dress'd Youths are fled,
And Silence there with Poppies binds her Head.
To Country Seats the Men of Sense go down,
And for their rural Joys neglect the Town.
Some few sham Battels bellow'd out at Night,
And Apparitions now the Mob affright.
Comets and Armies, fighting in the Air,
Seen by the Lord knows whom, the Lord knows where.

Our tuneful Bards, and Pamphleteers are fled,
Morphy and *Bragge* protest their Trade is dead.
Upon the Stage no new-born Scenes arise,
No Lightnings flash from *Iminda's* Eyes.

The Bastard's Blood not injur'd *Edgar* spills,
 To lave a Father, nor a Brother kills:
 Nor yet blind *Gloucester*'s sad Intent defeats,
 And his rash Sire with pious Falshood cheats;
 Near *Elfenore*, nor *Hamlet*'s regal Ghost,
 Speaks to his Son on young *Horatio*'s Post;
 Themselves, nor *Atius*, or *Lucina* kill,
 The passive Subjects to a Tyrant's Will,
 With lawless Fires, nor does hot *Barry* burn,
 And lewdly act the Daughter of the Sun.
 No captive *Bajazet*, or Heroes storm;
 No *Desdemona*, with Angelick Form,
 Is doom'd (most lovely as she is) to die,
 For her *Orbello*'s hot-brain'd Jealousy.
 No lost *Statira*, with her blooming Charms,
 Ensnares Great *Phillip*'s from Wars and Arms:
 No different Passions now the Hero move,
 And wreck his Soul twixt Empire and Love.
 Here no Sir *Fopling*, with his modish Dress,
 Laughs at the Age's monstrous Fopperies.
 No merry Beggars here, their Revels keep,
 The Poets starve, and the nine Sisters sleep.
 Far from the Town the fair *Camilla* fled,
 To *Tunbridge*, there the rural Grass to tread,
Arfinoe the Theatre forsakes,
 And from *Augusta* far, her Lodging takes.
 The Actors too, must take the pleasant Air,
 To *Oxford* some, to *Sturbridge* some repair,
 And quite debauch the hopeful Students there.
 There in some Country Shed,
 The Tinsel Kings contentedly lie down,
 And quite forget the Business of a Crown.
 No costly Wines, their wond'ring Gust surprize,
 Brandy and Ale their Royal Thirst suffice;
 And when their Hearts by nappy Bowls made light,
 Some ruddy Blouze sprawl in their Arms at Night;

Whose

Whose vigorous Race are well by Fate decreed,
To help our Peers and mend Sr. ———'s Breed.

The *British* Beauties, now in Crowds resort
Within *Vinoria's* Walls, or *Hampton-Court*,
Where Royal *Anna* keeps her stately Seat,
And free from Crowds, enjoys a soft Retreat.

Some to the *Barb* most cautiously repair
To keep their Beauties from polluted Air;
And blooming Nature Fence from fatal Shocks,
Both of the lesser and the greater Pox.

There they a thousand Pangs and Joys impart,
And with sure Arrows wound the boldest Heart:
There they display the Glories of their Eyes,
And make unguarded Man a Sacrifice;

Between their Bed, the Toylet and their Glass,
And giving Visits, all their Moments pass:
Th' admire the Beaus, and are by them admir'd,
With equal Charms the wanton Crowd is fir'd.

They laugh, they sport, they dance, they toy and sing,
No Days nor Hours the Fops to Reason bring.
Here *Cloe* once most insolently coy,
Who hated Love and Love's surprizing Joy;

She, who in Town, the fiercest Storms withstood,
Plainly discovers now she's Flesh and Blood,
And gives her Virgin-Treasure, which before
She valu'd higher than the glittering Store

Of *Tagus* Golden Sands. ———
Athiests and Parsons here, alike repair
To drink the Waters, and imbibe the Air:

Bawds, Matrons, Punks, commend the pregnant Steel,
But something else the fertile Ladies feel.
Sharpers, at Dice, consume the wasting Days,
The Fair for something else than Money play:

And when vast Sums these lovely Loofers get,
They, with their Persons, pay the dear rate Debt.
The Cit to *Epsom* brings that Chain of Life,
That lawcy, scolding Termagant, his Wife;

Where,

Where, for two Months, that she may gay appear,
 He spends the future Gains of half a Year.
 Whate'er the Hills, or richer Vales produce,
 The Swains prepare for her luxurious Use.
 Mutton the Downs, *Cafe-Hanton* Trouts afford,
 And ev'ry Park finds Ven'son for her Board.
 But little thinks the wild expensive Fair,
 What fertile Ills her Vanities prepare.
 Twice e'er the fiery Coursers of the Sun,
 Have view'd each Pole, (their annual Labour done)
 In the *Queen's-Bench* we shall her Husband meet,
 In *Ludgat* lock'd, or Pris'ner in the *Fleet*.
 Commission'd Harpies his Effects shall claim,
 And the Gazette shall publish thrice his Name.
 But fearless now of Dangers unforeseen,
 He haunts the Walks, the Coffee-house, and Green.
 Waters and Wine do all his Hours divide,
 Heated and cool'd by their alternate Tide.
 With Mirth and Wine th' uxorious Coxcomb drunk,
 Little Regards his dear dissembling Punk;
 Who, to the crowded Play-house, 'mongst the Beaus,
 Resorts, or else to New *Spring-Garden* goes:
 For here the famous * *Roscius* of the Age, [Powell.]
 In tragick Buskins treads the rural Stage.
 The ancient Bards in long lost Plays revive,
 And by their Wit, th' industrious Actors thrive.
 Each conscious Scene th' am'rous Jilt admires,
 And in her Bosom, feels extinguish'd Fires.
 For some loose Actor's brawny Back she burns,
 Is lewd again, and her hot Fit returns.
 Gods! how she praises *Valentinian's* Shape,
 And sighing, wishes chaste *Lucina's* Rape!
 With what fierce Joys could she * *Antonio* meet,
 Was he not quite so lewd, and more discreet!
 For bold *Almanzor's* Strength the Wanton dies,
 And views his Action with desiring Eyes.

* One of the Libertines Companions.

When the gay Scenes are o'er, the Fair retreat
To silent Shades, where they their Lovers meet;
And in fresh Raptures, all their Joys repeat.

The Country Squire makes his Acquaintance drunk,
And falls enamor'd on some London Punk,
Who sets the rustick Coxcomb all on Fire,
And warms his Breast with impudent Desire.

Hither the Covent-Garden Crack repairs,
With bought Complexion, and with borrow'd Hairs:
And while her Spark whole Towns to Ashes turns,
His Dam'sel here intriguing Coxcombs burns.
At first, my Lord, with a reluctant Frown,
Pulls up her Cloaths, and throws the Wanton down.
But when Necessity and Want assail,
Int'rest and Gain above her Pride prevail:
On easy Terms she'll on the Grass be still,
And let his Lordship's Butler kiss his Fill.

The smiling Sempstress now her Shop forsakes,
Here vents her Ware, and better Bargains makes.
Here in unlawful Joys, and stoll'n Delight,
Both Rich and Poor spend the polluted Night.

The Bankrupt Vintners starve for Want of Trade,
Few Payments now are to the Merchant made.
Score in the Bar, the Master seldom bawls,
Nor little Bell, the tardy Drawer calls.
Rarely the Cook now Cutlets broils of Veal,
But unemploy'd, into the Cellar steals:
There she and Tom, to broach a Cask combine,
And 'gainst a Butt she spills her Master's Wine.
Few drunken Catches now at Night we hear,
Sad pensive Looks in ev'ry Post appear:
Their Dragon, Horns, and Fish neglected lie,
And all the Rubies in their Faces die.

Nor

No dirty Feet pollute their cleanly Floors;
Nor three for two the sleepy Mistress scores:
Whilst new-come Guests, past One, disturb her Nap,
And to get in, at the clos'd Wicket rap.
Their Brewings, Mixtures, all are at a Stand,
And their prick'd Cyder, frets upon their Hand.

The Merchant now to rural Village runs,
Enjoys the Country Air, and scapes his Duns;
Who only now can tease him by the Post,
For Goods exported in the Tygar, lost.

The buzzing *Change*, and *Gresham's Walks* grow thin;
Catch-poles without, and Brokers sweat within.
Few others to the stately Dome repair,
Now unfrequented as a House of Pray'r.

Guy's Infantry unarm'd, and idle stands,
No Quarts or Glasses tire their trembling Hands.
To *Jonathan's* but few Stock-Jobbers go,
They only meet to forge good News, or so.
The Quack forbears to swell the Weekly Bills,
And avaritious Death but slowly kills.
Fevers can scarce the Doctor's Room supply,
And cheap and honestly the Vulgar die.

The Sexton groans to view his rusty Spade,
And greedy Curates moan their Want of Trade,
The Bearers sigh, and the sad Passing-Bell
But rarely now the Dead's Departure tell.

Late to the *Park* no whining Beaus repair,
And tell their Passion to the am'rous Fair:
No burning Flambeaux light the doleful Shade,
Nor Waxen Beams strike thro' the verdant Glade.
The fierce Patroul, which march the Rounds by night,
Wild Ducks and Geese their sole Spectators fright.

Round the Canal no new-made Brits appear;
 No cooing Lovers in the Grove we hear;
 The waking Soldiers only guard the Deer.

On the Parade no haughty Col'nels meet,
 In Order to consult where they may eat;
 Or to advise who sells the noblest Wine,
 And where from Duns they may securely dine.

Young Ensigns now at *Man's* no longer swear,
 Nor cully'd Gamesters fret and wrangle there.
 Trick-track and Basset now no longer please,
 And Cards are banish'd, but from Refugees.

The Parson in a melancholy Tone
 Harrangues at Church, now half his Flock is gone.
 Each Rev'rend Accent now neglected falls,
 C—— prays, and P——d to little Purpose bawls.
 His num'rous Parish various Journeys take,
 These for the *Bath*, and those for *Tunbridge* make;
 And the lost Sheep their past'ral Lord forsake.

The B——s to their proper Sees repair,
 For Conscience some, and some for Country Air,
 And grace with Lawn, their rich Cathedral-Chair.

B——, whose Tongue is merry and divine,
 Can't to the Town, his wand'ring Lambs confine.
 His pretty Audience crowd to *Hudsons-Lane*,
 And the Saint-Player, yields to the Prophane.
 The godly, conscientious Holder-forth,
 For rural Pleasure, leaves the *Bull and Mouth*,
 And lodges at some Country Quaker's Inn,
 Mov'd by the Spirit, and the Light within,
 Where holy Sister, with religious Seed
 Is fructify'd, and bears a pious Breed.

Others to *Bristol's* noted Fair retreat,
 And with a pious Fraud, th' Ungodly cheat.
 But nob'ler Youth, a lovelier Game pursue,
 And at *St. Edmund's*, Virgin-Beauties view,

Whose

Whose nat'ral Blushes raise ungovern'd Fires,
 And warm the Wildest with sincere Desires.
 From Hills and Vales a Tide of Beauty flows,
 And a new Spring the glitt'ring Meadow shows.
 Their lovely Bloom takes the most guarded Heart,
 And Nature fram'd 'em in Despight of Art.
 The love-sick Beaus with real Passion burn,
 Unhurt they came, but wounded Home return.
 Wisdom nor Pow'r the Great or Wise secure,
 Where Beauty wounds, and Fame denies a Cure.
 No wanton Arts their firm Affections win,
 Scorn rules without, and Honour guards within;
 Their equal Minds no troubl'd Passionstry,
 But all's serene as the superior Sky.
 Here Love does all his keenest Darts prepare,
 And keeps a Magazine in ev'ry Fair.
 At lovelier Breasts ne'er *Cupid* bent his Bow,
 Nor stronger Charms *Arabian* Virgins know,
 Tho' when their Joys Great *Mecca's* Priest did prove,
 He found a Heaven, and fix'd its Bliss in Love.
 With Eyes like theirs, *Venus* did once perswade
 The *Trojan* Youth, when he for Love betray'd
 High *Ilium's* Tow'rs, and low his City lay'd:
 On *Venus* only he conferr'd the Prize,
 For matchless Beauty, and bewitching Eyes.
 But should once more that am'rous Swain revive,
 And o'er the Seas at *Bury* Fair arrive,
 Not one alone would claim the Prize, but all,
 And each he'd judge deserv'd the Golden Ball.

To *Granta's* Streams the studious Youths retreat,
 Where Arts prophane, and sacred Knowledge meet;
 And where the Muses chuse their Halcyon Seat.
 Learning, by Chance, to other Climes resorts,
 But here she keeps her sage eternal Courts.
 To her Apartments, all Admittance find,
 Whose pleasing Fetters circumscribe the Mind:

Her

Her Labour, Nature's dark Recesses shows,
 And the coy Maid, by Time, familiar grows,
 Thro' ev'ry Maze, Art sees the Virgin clear,
 And her bright Charms without a Vail appear.

There *Galen's* Sons learn *Pean's* balmy Skill,
 Use wholesome Med'cines, and forget to kill:
 The various Force of Trees and Plants they know,
 From the tall Cedar, to the Shrubs below,
 The Seeds of Things these Rev'rend Sages tell,
 Why Roses sweet as *Indian* Spices smell;
 Whence lofty Elms by Ivy are entwin'd,
 Why in deep Slumbers droffy Popies bind;
 Why potent Opiats stop the haughty pride
 Of raging Pests, and cool Life's purple Tide;
 Whence lazy Colds heat the fermenting Blood;
 And why the Bark stagnates the boiling Flood;
 What Accidents give Plagues and Fevers Birth;
 Which scorch these mould'ring Tenements of Earth;
 The Scurvy, what malignant Atoms breed;
 What swelling Springs the tumid Dropsy feed.
Solomon, the Royal Simpler by th' Almighty taught,
 Who first prescrib'd, and Cures predestin'd wrought,
 With readier Art could scarce the Sick relieve,
 Or sooner Health to wounded Patients give,
 Than skilful Leaches, who, near *Granta's* Shore, *Camb.*
 Nature inspect, and all her Pow'rs explore.

Others to bolder Themes their Thoughts direct
 And all the Wonders of the Sky detect;
 Their Art explains —————
 How angry Winds the Heav'ns with Horror shake,
 And lab'ring Clouds with dreadful Thunder break;
 Why Light'ning flashes from the Realms above,
 And Streams of Fire in rapid Torrents move;
 Whence bearded Meteors threaten in the Sky,
 And shed their baleful Influence as they fly;

What

What pow'rful Force the *Alps* asunder breaks,
 And why the Earth with dire Convulsions quakes,
 From Realms above they view the hoary Deep,
 Where mighty Stores the Mother Waters keep;
 Where murr'ring *Theris* lulls her infant Waves,
 Beneath Earth's Bottom, and her farthest Caves;
 Where Night and Horror bear eternal Sway,
 Secure from Light, and radiant Beams of Day.
 There these dark Pow'rs their dusky Godheads hide,
 And wrapt in Mists, their sooty Empire guide.
 There sacred Bards in humble Cells confin'd,
 Soar thro' the Heav'ns with their aspiring Mind.
Homer, the Brave to War and Battel warns,
 Urges the slothful, and the tim'rous Arms.
Anacreon there, does the Recluses move
 To soft Delight, and *Sapho* bids them love.
Hesiod, the Birth does of the Gods rehearse,
 And fictitious Pow'rs immortal, prove by Verse.
 'Tis he to *Jove*, that does his Thunder give,
 The Poet makes the Cloud-Compeller live.
Pindar, in bold unimitable Strains,
 Soars high, and tow'ring wings th' Ætherial Plains.
 A thousand Joys the safe Collegiates please,
 And bless their Hours with Happiness and Ease.
 Did but the Crowd, which in *Augusta* dwells,
 Taste the soft Bliss of these retired Cells,
 The Term's Approach, th' instructed Youth would fear,
 And a Vacation with throughout the Year.

